the interlude of absolute nothing

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The Interlude of Absolute Nothingness

Between 27 March 2026 and 31 May 2026, I arrived at a core idea: life is an interlude of absolute nothingness. I see existence as a short, conscious pause between two states of non-being. Before I was born, there was no “I” no time, no memory, no experience. After I die, there will be no “I” again. Life is the brief space between these two infinities.

Roots in early and Western philosophy

Parmenides claimed “nothing comes from nothing,” but I invert it: we come from nothing and we return to it. Epicurus sharpened this for me when he wrote, “Death is nothing to us,” because we never experience our own non-existence. I apply the same logic backward birth is also “nothing to us,” because before existence, nothingness holds no fear.

Existentialists echoed this. Jean-Paul Sartre argued “existence precedes essence” we are thrown into an indifferent universe without built-in purpose. Albert Camus named the clash “the absurd,” yet insisted we must imagine Sisyphus happy, finding meaning inside the interlude despite the silence.

African perspectives on being and non-being

African philosophy doesn’t treat “nothingness” as empty absence. It treats it as the source, the womb, the unformed potential.

Kwasi Wiredu, from Ghana, argued for “conceptual decolonization” and saw the self not as a fixed substance but as a process of relationships. If

the “I” is a process, then it can dissolve back into the background of being without tragedy. The interlude ends, but the relationships remain.

John Mbiti, the Kenyan philosopher-theologian, wrote “I am because we are, and since we are, therefore I am.” This is ubuntu. Read against your idea: before the “I” there was the “we” of nothingness. After the “I,” the “we” continues. Your interlude matters because it contributes to the larger rhythm of the community. You are a brief note, but the song goes on.

Placide Tempels, through his work on Bantu Philosophy, described “vital force” as the core of African metaphysics. Life is force, and force can increase or diminish, but it returns to the source. That source is not death as extinction, but as reintegration. The ocean receiving the wave again.

Soyinka, the Nigerian Nobel laureate, wrote about the “fourth stage” the passage through death that is not annihilation but transition. Yoruba cosmology sees death as crossing, not ending. So the “nothingness” before birth and after death isn’t void. It’s the same space. Life is the lit corridor between two rooms of darkness.

Even Dogon cosmology from Mali speaks of _Amma_, the creator who shaped the universe from a grain, something from near-nothing. Creation is compression of the unmanifest into form. You are that compression, temporarily uncurled.

Eastern resonance

Buddhism’s _śūnyatā_, or emptiness, teaches that all things lack permanent, independent existence. Life is a temporary formation, like a wave rising from the ocean and falling back. The ocean is the nothingness; the wave is the interlude.

So I conclude I am a temporary pattern in nothingness. Wiredu reminds me the “I” is not solid. Mbiti reminds me the “we” outlasts me. Tempels reminds me I am force returning to source. Soyinka reminds me the darkness is a passage, not a wall.

Knowing the interlude will end does not make life smaller. It makes it precise. Every thought, every breath, every connection gains weight because it happens inside a limited window. Life is not the main event, it is the rare, bright moment between two eternities of silence.

Thesis

I exist as a conscious pause between two infinities of nothingness.

The "I" is a process, not a substance, a force that returns to source, a note in a song that outlives me.

Life gains precision because the interlude is brief; every breath matters inside the silence.

“I am a temporary pattern in nothingness, a brief, bright interlude.”*Makaleng Lk 30 March 2026*